



1930-31





AUTOGRAPHS

Sarah L. Jackson.
M. Weston.

B. S. Freeman

Ky. Dunnell

C. B. Wood

H. H. Amphlett.

G. Gordon Riddell.

Lilla B. Isbister.

Isabel B. Bourne.

a Bain

J. D. Wallace

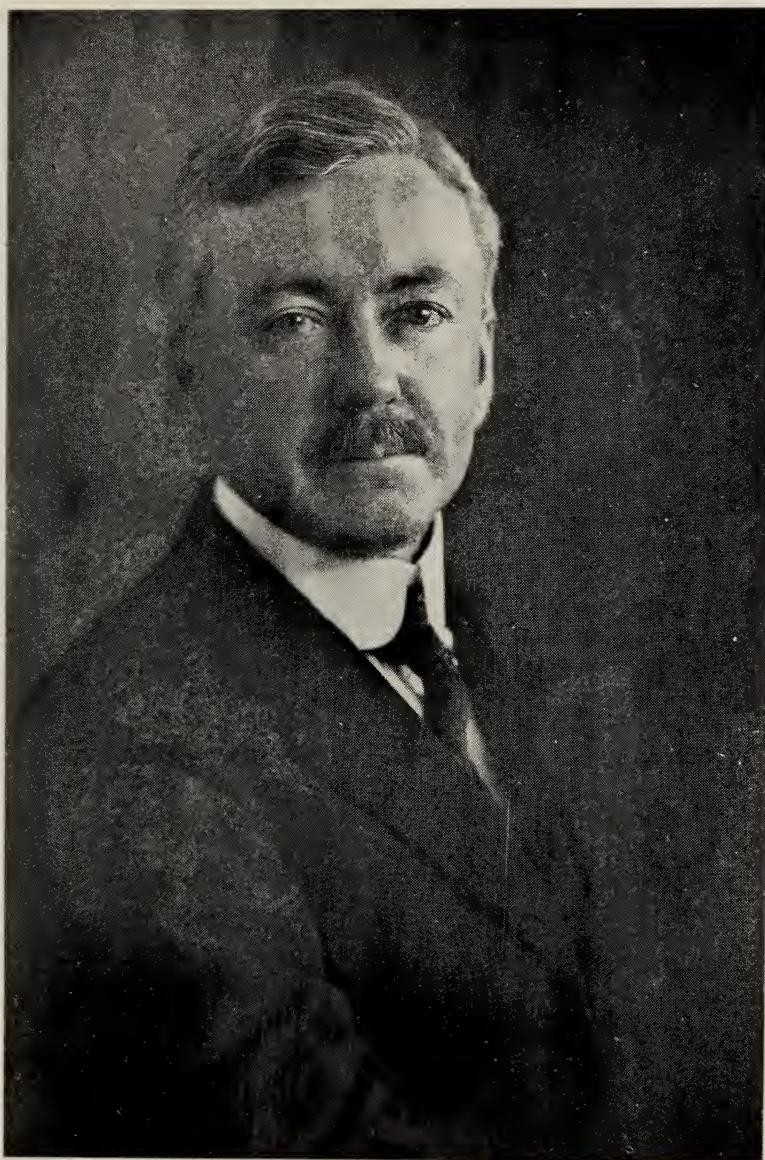


AUTOGRAPHS



To Mr. MacLaurin
this Annual is respectfully
dedicated by the class
of 1930-31





D. L. MacLAURIN



To the Faculty

Just ten months ago! How short a time it seems, yet what a metamorphosis!

Then, dear Mentors, we were a motley crew seeking a common port on the Ship of Hope. Under your masterly guidance the Ship is in sight of the Port and our hope, eagerness and faith remain unabated. The voyage has been an endless series of wonders, thrills and joys. How many times we have screamed "Man overboard!" knowing always that your speedy succour was near at hand, ever ready.

Now we are leaving the Ship. As it fades from our vision who of us can check the feelings of loneliness and trepidation as we "about-face" to enter the strange land which we sought and found. But we know now the stuff of which Real Teachers are made, and it will be with happy and confident hearts that we commence our climb to those ideals and standards you have set before us for attainment.

We thank you! Homely words, true, but when they well from hearts overflowing with gratitude and happiness, who will gainsay their poignant beauty.





| | | | |
|---------------|----------------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
| | | | |
| Mr. Freeman | Miss Coursier | Miss Scanlan | Mr. Wood |
| | | | |
| Mr. Denton | Mr. D. L. MacLaurin PRINCIPAL | Mr. H. L. Campbell | |
| | | | |
| Miss Isbister | Mr. Dunnell | Miss Riddell | |
| | | | |
| Serg't Bain | Miss Barron | Miss Piercy | Serg't Wallace |



Valedictory

I look back upon that day;
“Was it a day or lives ago?”
Up the long, long road we came,
Talking, laughing, chattering,
Filled with hope and expectation.

Newness, strangeness, bewilderment.
“Standing on tiptoe,
Striving to grasp the future.”
Revealed at length
At the end of the road.

Now we’re going down the road,
Ah! how different.
Lessons, friendships, love,
All have left their mark.

Concepts, ideals, philosophies,
Built up and strengthened by these contacts,
To be carried to our work.
Fulfilled? Perpetuated?
Ah! who shall say?

In years to be,
Looking back upon the tide of time,
Hearts will gladden, lips will smile,
Thinking of a fairer clime,
And all that used to be.

—C. M.



When sunny skies shall smile no more,
And waves no longer woo the shore;
When every sweet-voiced bird is fled,
And every summer rose is dead;
When stars desert the evening sky,
And hearts with love shall cease to sigh;
When silvery mists desert the glen,
I may perhaps forget you then.



To the Class of 1930-31

"Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that; whom shall my soul believe?"

Life has for each its peculiar values. One is not always keenly conscious of the impelling influence of these values. It may be only at times of special stress that the sifting is sufficiently complete to reveal even to the possessor those things that direct and dominate the life. In what peculiar milieu they found their origin may remain unrevealed, mysterious. Yet their existence is certain; their power unchallenged. All the attitudes of life form themselves around these deeply set foci. They hold in leash the emotions; they colour the thought; they control the actions. They are all-pervading and supreme. Whether the life-pattern shall be worthy or base is in their keeping.

In the last analysis education must be evaluated by the worthiness of the life-values that it has produced and firmly established. These are its abiding products. They are not implanted in the life by mere dogmatic dicta. They are absorbed and assimilated in the intimate touch of life with life. As a residuum of the daily interaction and interplay of human contacts these products take form, sometimes painfully, always slowly. Somewhere in that interplay of personalities an alchemy transmutes the ephemeral experiences of the daily round into the eternal values of a life philosophy. Attitudes appear. The exigencies of life then find meaning not in themselves but in their interpretation. It is the interpretation that is significant.

Such is your task. Such alchemists you have chosen to be.

"So, take and use thy work;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!"

—D. L. MacLaurin.



Our School Annual

A ship to sail on the waves of Mind,
To cruise 'mid the Isles of Thought,
To store her hold with the gems she'll find
Where no other ship has sought.

Exploring caves of mysterious light
Where Genius loves to dwell,
And Art illumines with a radiance bright
Each wonderful fairy cell,

To bind those gems in a silken net
Woven by Friendship's hand,
And bear them all when the sun has set,
Far into Memory Land!

—H. G. G.



HANECHO



Miss M. Watchorn
SOCIAL



Mr. H. Dawson
BUSINESS MANAGER



Mr. D. Cobbett
ASST BUS. MANAGER



Mr. C. Kennedy
ART



Miss L. McCall
ASST EDITOR



Mr. A. Cobus
EDITOR



Miss E. Wallace
ASST EDITOR



Mr. B. Neary
HUMOUR

Annual Staff

1931



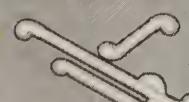
Miss A. Staples
BUS. ASSISTANT

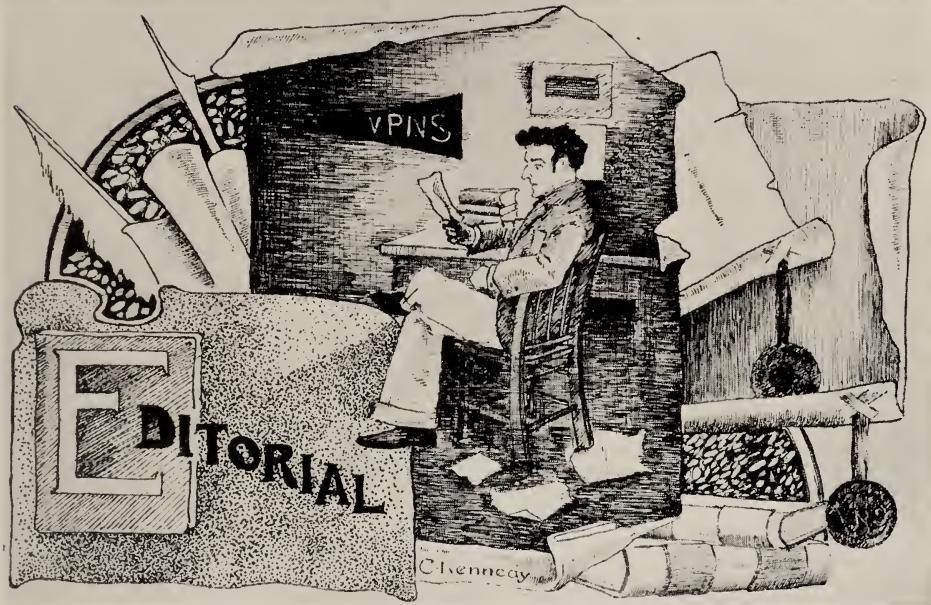


Miss O. Walsh
BUS. ASSISTANT



Miss E. Cameron
SPORTS





Et tu, Brute?

Friends, Normalites, fellow-students, we come not to praise this Annual, nor yet to bury it. The opening words are merely an echo of the thought which invariably assailed us whilst plodding through an unthinkable number of Editorials. Yet who can imagine an Annual without an Editorial? Preposterous!

Unsung are the geniuses who evolved the pattern of the school Annual. Very few of us have never experienced the trying ordeal when Mother attempted to remodel Father's trousers into knee-pants, or Older Sister's frock into a Parisian creation. The Annual Staff has undergone a parallel ordeal in producing this publication. If it fits your Normal year satisfactorily, its purpose has been accomplished, and we will be content. What you take away is not so important as what you leave behind. The Annual serves a dual purpose—it is something we are leaving behind and something we are taking away. It was not intended to be a burdensome affair, and we are not completely unaware of the possibility that some readers might attempt to discredit it on the grounds of light-heartedness. From those critics we do not ask pardon for the deed, but rather would we crave their indulgence. In reading bear in mind that "many a heart throb is clothed with a smile."

It is with some hesitation that an expression of gratitude to all contributors is set down here, simply because "everybody is doing it," and our feelings may be lost in mediocrity. However, not being over-original or radical, we do tender our sincerest thanks to those who contributed in any manner whatsoever to the Annual as it is. The entire school is indebted to Mr. Dawson, our business manager, who, with his cohorts, made this publication possible and extremely successful from a financial point of view.

Now go on.



A Normal Day

The sun leaps up behind the hill,
With many a rosy ray.
A resounding knock upon our dōor,
And the touch of our feet on the icy floor,
Begins our Normal Day.

A hurried meal and a hurried walk,
(Contrary to nutrition),
And our lonely step on the stone floor rings,
Till Number Ten, with its cargo, brings
Chaotic intermission.

With shouts of, "Where's my locker key?"
"What! Posters for today!"
And yawns and groans and scuffling feet,
Like blackbirds in a field of wheat,
Or ostriches at play.

We rush along the corridor,
And hear loud lamentations.
"Oh, not a language test," we shriek
"No, no, we had one just last week,
About abbreviations."

We scale the Rocky Mountains' heights
And take notes by the ream,
We plan the S—R pathways out—
Those bonds which tell us all about
Stock soup's delicious steam.

We eat our lunch at leisure, if
To cocoa we aspire,
And when our time-tried patience flags,
The crash of breaking paper bags
Betrays innate desire.

In passing by the notice boards
We scan the ads, in flocks,
"Phone E 1000," "Lost—Book Ten,"
"A Curse of Study" or "A pen,"
And "Found—a pair of socks."

"Who sailed across the ocean blue,
To find a hidden nation?"
"His name was Cabott," (News to us!
We learn pronunciation thus,
Through syllabification).



Stand up! Sit down! Stand on your heads!
Put on a St. John's Sling!
Touch the four walls! Now touch the sky!
Mark time! Class! Lift your feet up high!
Its 3:15—brrring!

"Watch out! I want my ping-pong bat."
"Oh, where's my other sockee?"
"Somebody bring me a hockeystick,
And lend me a car-ticket someone, quick!
I have to go play hockey."

At five o'clock a strident bell
Warns us to put away
Our rackets, bats and basketballs,
To quickly quit the echoing halls
And end our hour of play.

A chaos in the locker-room,
As though by fiends possessed—
And then into the dusk they pass,
And every student, lad or lass,
Creeps home to well-earned rest.

—M. H.

✓ ✓ ✓

LEST WE FORGET

In leaving the Normal School, we go filled with thoughts of friendship and gratitude to the members of the Staff and to our fellow-strugglers, but there is just a chance, in the excitement of closing days, that one or two who surely deserve our gratitude may be forgotten. I refer to the critic teachers of the city and district, primarily, and to their pupils, whom with anxious eyes they have entrusted to our care.

We surely owe more thanks than we can hope to express to the teachers who have interrupted their work so that we might try our wings; we are indebted to them not only for the advice, but also for the fraternal encouragement and unfailing courtesy they have always shown us.

Nor should we pass on without a thought of the many pupils, who, looking forward to a weekly holiday, often found themselves sadly disappointed—at least we hope so.



His Debut

THE prisoner sat in his cell, haggard, hollow-eyed, awaiting the dawn and doom. Ah! the first streaks of morning light were appearing and he heard those fateful steps approaching—

Brring! brring! and George sat up with a start.

"Brr! what a dream!" he shivered and then smiled at his own distress. Suddenly he paled as he remembered. This was the day! Visions passed fleetingly through his mind. The numberless applications he had written for a school; the great day when an acceptance arrived; the preparations; the trip and now this! Dazedly he passed his hand across his brow and wearily climbed out of bed. Slowly and deliberately he dressed. Habit was strong and, save for a few buttons finding themselves in a wrong buttonhole, his toilet was completed successfully.

Breakfast? He shuddered. Just a cup of coffee, thank you. There, now, that's much better. What a lovely day! Ah! maybe the world was not so gloomy after all. He had nothing to fear, for was he not fortified with knowledge and coffee?

A hurried walk, and as he stepped into the school a glance at his watch showed that at least he was beginning correctly, for it was 8 o'clock. That was well at any rate. He sat down and attempted to review his plans. Oh! why do things get confused so! How did the room appear? Everything was in perfect order.

On the wall his time-table reassured him gently that all would go well. "You made me what I am, master. I am your servant," it seemed to say. Grimly he remembered pessimistic rumours about the difficulty in applying a time-table.

"Don't let me down, T. T.," he cried despairingly.

Walking about the room nervously, adjusting this and that, his mind worked furiously. Would they like him and would he like them? Some of them would probably think he was a queer-looking duck. A brief consultation with his mirror did not lessen this fear. He was sure that his blue tie would have been more fitting, and his trousers needed a sharper crease. However, it was too late for that. And where was that opening speech he had prepared? A frantic search—no speech. Horrors! He sat down weakly and mopped his face.

Suddenly he became aware of voices outside. Shakily he drew out his watch. Ten minutes to nine! Five minutes late for the first bell. Oh! why had he forgotten it! Pulling himself together, he grasped the bell firmly and strode to the door, paused an instant, resolutely opened it and passed out (out of the room, of course). A minute later and his first official action was done!



LOST—A precious moment set with golden opportunities. No reward offered, for it is lost forever.



THOUGHTS OF A STUDENT-TEACHER

When Friday comes we do repair
So early in the morn,
With downcast hearts and grim despair,
We fear approaching scorn;
Our knees do shake,
Our voices quake,
Before the class we stand
Our thoughts take flight,
We wish the night
Would hasten o'er the land.
At last 'tis o'er,
We ask no more,
Again our hearts are gay;
We dance and sing,
Our voices ring
Until the next Friday.

—F. M.



It's fine to have a friend you can trust, but it's finer to have a friend who can trust you.



ELEGY WRITTEN ON MT. TOLMIE

A Normal maiden led her friends
Mt. Tolmie's by-ways through,
To where the purple shooting star
And blue-eyed grasses grew,
When suddenly close by they heard,
The call of that mysterious bird,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

Then curiously they started up
And seized their gathering-book,
And searched Mt. Tolmie far and wide,
Till in a shady nook,
They found a pallid Normal lad,
Who still sang on in accents sad,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

To be sung to the dulcet tones of "The Shepherdess and the Cuckoo,"
Book III. Coney and Wickett.

—R. S.

Dramatic and Debating Society

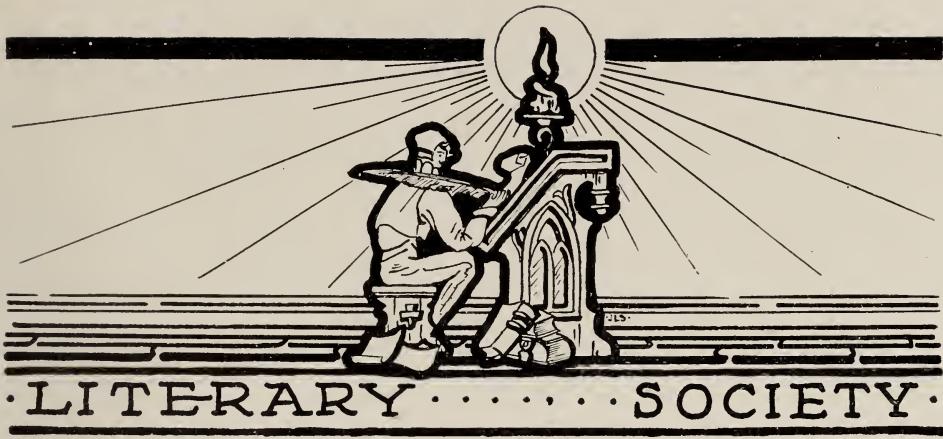
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|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Miss E. Walker PRES.—1930 | Horace Dawson SEC.—1930 | S. H. Ryall PRES.—1931 | Miss E. Morbey VICE-PRES.—1931 | Miss B. Cannings SEC.—1931 |
| Miss L. McCall PRES.—1930 | Victor Montaldi VICE-PRES.—1930 | Norris Harwood PRES.—1931 | A. Ferguson VICE-PRES.—1931 | |
| Miss G. Stipe VICE-PRES.—1930 | Howard Denton SEC.—1930 | D. Hogarth SEC.—1931 | Miss C. MacDonald PRES.—1931 | G. Wallach VICE-PRES.—1931 |
| A. Cobus SEC.—1930 | Miss E. Cameron SEC.—1931 | | | |

Literary Society

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Howard Denton SEC.—1930 | D. Hogarth SEC.—1931 |
| R. Guidi PRES.—1930 | Miss C. MacDonald PRES.—1931 |

Athletic Society

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| R. Guidi PRES.—1930 | Miss C. MacDonald PRES.—1931 |
| A. Cobus SEC.—1930 | Miss E. Cameron SEC.—1931 |



O you remember, you students of the Victoria Normal School, that stirring day early in September last, when you stepped into a train, boat, bus or aeroplane, and started on that fateful journey, perchance with longing backward glance at that "dear home town?" Do you remember that trip, long or short, interesting or wearisome; your emotions when you first set foot in the City of Sunshine (?); the feelings of loneliness, pleasure, surprise, or regret when you finally found yourself installed in a new home; the thrills that coursed through your veins when you first climbed the steps of our beloved School; the first Intelligence Test; those first wild searches for locker-key, pen, or notebook; that terrifying maze of classrooms and corridors; and bells and voices? Ah yes! You all remember. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that he could forget?

Such a series of new and confusing experiences does not have a clarifying effect upon the senses, yet on the first Friday of our Normal School career we entered the Auditorium for the solemn purpose of choosing from our midst the select few who were to pilot our Literary, Dramatic and Athletic Societies through our first term. It was at this point that the supreme intelligence which has been rumoured to be prominent among Normal students came to the fore. Years of acquaintanceship would not have improved our choice.

Witness the Literary Society Executive:

President—Lauretta McCall.

Vice-President—Victor Montaldi.

Secretary—Howard Denton.

Class Representatives—

Class A—K. Brown.

Class B—Miss Henderson.

Class C—E. Wallace.

Class D—D. Burdon-Murphy.

The diligence and conscientious effort of this executive made for a highly successful term.



The 1931 term demanded our attention again, and with justifiable belief in our powers of discernment, chose the following Executive:

President—Norris Harwood.

Vice-President—Alex. Ferguson.

Secretary—David Hogarth.

A male trio—nevertheless, an excellent one.

Class Representatives—

Class A—Myrtle Watchorn.

Class B—H. Bowden.

Class C—C. McCrimmon.

Class D—B. Neary.

The work of this Executive warrants the approval of the most exacting.

Lit programmes have been a source of much pleasurable enjoyment so that a brief resume does not seem inept.

September 19 (The Executive)—A piano solo, a talk, a reading and a dialogue.

September 26 (Class A)—A vocal solo, a dialogue, "Spring Onions," a piano solo, and an impromptu debate.

October 3 (Class B)—A piano duet, a tap dance (careful, girlie), a talk on the works of Bliss Carman, and a vocal solo.

October 17 (Class C)—A recitation, "A Trip Through B. C." (original and delightful), and a vocal solo.

October 24 (Class D)—A realistic radio broadcast "The Blisterine Hour"; an orchestra selection, a vocal solo and a piano solo.

November 7—Two vocal solos, a talk on "The Waters and Islands of Ladysmith," a piano duet and a skit.

November 28—A piano solo, a talk on "Pauline Johnson," a talk on "Writing," and a skit.

December 12—The new executive were welcomed by the staff advisors, and were favored with a vocal solo, our "unharmonious trio," and a pianoforte duet.

January 9—A talk on Shanghai, a recitation, a skit (the work (?) of a student), and a vocal solo.

January 16—Our "unharmonious trio" again, a reading, a quartette selection, a recitation.

January 23—A reading, a musical skit, a recitation, a pianoforte solo.

February 20—The Dramatic Society presented a play entitled "The Fortune Teller," which constituted the major part of the programme. Class D also contributed a chorus, a reading and a piano solo.

March 6 (Class A)—Three orchestra selections, a talk on "Sir Rabindranath Tagore," a quartette, and a whistling chorus (oh, girls!).

To those who took part in these programmes the student body says, "Thank you, thank you!" To Mr. Freeman, staff-advisor, we tender our heartiest thanks and appreciation for his encouragement and willing aid in making a banner year for the Lit Society.



Speakers

THE student body has been fortunate indeed in having been entertained and instructed so frequently by speakers of the highest calibre.

Shortly after the beginning of the first term, we were honored by a visit from Dr. Carl H. Becker, Professor of the University of Berlin, formerly Prussian Minister of Education, accompanied by his son, Mr. Walther Becker. Mr. Wood, who had made Dr. Becker's acquaintance in Germany, introduced the speaker. Mr. Walter Becker followed his father's address with a short friendly talk in which he conveyed to us his great desire that there should be closer relations between the youth of Germany and Canada.

On two occasions we were delighted to have with us a speaker well known to all Victorians, Captain Sinclair. His cheery and encouraging words have been a source of inspiration to us and we appreciate his interest very much.

Mr. D. Twigg delivered an interesting address in which he appealed to the students to remember the great privations suffered by the returned soldiers, and to help in any way possible movements organized for the sole purpose of caring for these men and their families. His call did not go unheeded.

On November 14, 1930, Dr. Clem Davies gave a stirring lecture on "Italy under Mussolini." Needless to say Dr. Davies left us breathless.

An illustrated lecture on "British Columbia, the Land of the Setting Sun," by Mr. Humphreys, was enthusiastically received by all. Natives of Victoria failed to understand why a herd of cattle in a Salmon Arm pasture, a swimming pool in Cranbrook, or a smoke-stack on the Trail Smelter should cause such ecstatic exclamations among the "alien" students. Any reference to this lecture would be incomplete without a word regarding the Mysterious Voice. Eeny-meeny-miny-mo!

Another illustrated lecture was given by Miss H. McFarlane on the work being done by Sight-Saving classes throughout the Dominion. This lecture was particularly pertinent to us as student-teachers. Mrs. Mahon, President of the Parent-Teacher Federation of B. C., presented many valuable facts regarding the work of her organization.

We are proud of the results of a test given by Rev. E. Thomas, D.D., Field Secretary of the Board of Evangelism and Social Service of the United Church of Canada. The score obtained by our school, we are told, was higher than that of any other Normal School in Canada. The topic "Alcohol and Life" was covered in three lectures. We were sorry to see Rev. Thomas go and hope that next year's students will be so fortunate as to have Mr. Thomas with them.

In a style that completely won our hearts Dr. Ginnis spoke briefly on behalf of the Student's Christian Movement. Dr. Ginnis was introduced by



the Rev. F. Noel Palmer, B.A., B.D., General Secretary of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship of Canada.

The last talk, to date, was given by Mr. Laing of the Forestry Department. Mr. Laing took us on an interesting trip through the Peace River country. Who knows but that the information, apart from being interesting, will also be valuable to us next year. Qui sait?

* * *

WHY I TEACH

Because I would be young in soul and mind,
Though years must pass and age my life constrain,
And I have found no way to lag behind
The fleeting years, save by the magic charm
That binds me, youthful, to the youth I love—

I teach.

Because I would be wise, and wisdom find
From millions gone before, whose torch I pass
Still burning bright to light the paths that wind
So steep and rugged for each lad and lass
Slow-climbing to the unrevealed above—

I teach.

Because in passing on the living flame
That ever brighter burns the ages through,
I have done service that is worth the name,
Can I but say—"The flame of knowledge grew
A little brighter in the hands I taught"—

I teach.

Because I know that when life's end I reach,
And thence pass through the gates so wide and deep
To what I do not know, but love will teach,
That the remembrance of me men will keep
Is what I've **done**, and what I **have** is nought—

I teach.

—G. G.



HOW many of us have been laboring under the impression that there should be something dramatic about a Dramatic Society? How many of us gazed with expectancy at the actions of the chosen executive, and how many of us were deeply disappointed, and not a little hurt, to see no beating of the breast, no tearing of the hair, no dark-encircled eyes, pallid faces, upflung arms or wild expressions? In spite of the delusion we were able to elect the following very able Executives:

1930

President: Eleanor Walker.

Vice-President: Dorothy Watson.

Secretary: Horace Dawson.

Class Representatives: Class A, Miss F. Bell; Class B, Mrs. Lauder; Class C, Miss H. McClure; Class D, Rankin Hanna.

1931

President: S. Ryall.

Vice-President: B. Cannings.

Secretary: E. Moreby.

Class Representatives: Class A, M. Pollard; Class B, Pearl Stoodley; Class C, K. Kirkham; Class D, Douglas Cobbett.

Even though we did discover that Dramatic Societies are made up of people very much like ourselves, our thirst for dramatic display was assuaged by the various presentations offered.

As a matter of fact "Overtones" left us gasping. An inner self is a deucedly annoying affair, isn't it?

The first debate, which took place on December 5, stirred us very much. And no great wonder! the subject was "Resolved, that Co-Education is a Success." Strange that the girls groaned when the decision made favoured the negative. Anyway, is it or isn't it?

A second debate on "Resolved, that Western Canada is of more importance than Eastern Canada" took place on February 21, and again the decision was made in favour of the negative. Contrary, what?



A short play, "The Robbery," was greatly enjoyed by students and guests on the eve of the Christmas celebration. Ever since that play Sep has had a far-away look in his eyes. Some day, somewhere, maybe it will happen.

On February 20, sharing a programme with Class D, the Society successfully produced an amusing play entitled "The Fortune-Teller." Beware of such women!

With the Dramatic and Debating Society one naturally associates Mr. Wood whose experience along this line of endeavour proved a telling factor in the successes of the Society's activities. We can't do it just like you, Mr. Wood, but we do try.

AMBITION

I'd like to read of Quebec shore,
When England's gallant Wolfe did try
To rout the French through blood and gore,
And see how noble heroes die.
I'd like to read of Persia's power,
Of Rome's decline and Britain's might;
Each night I'll read for half an hour—
But not tonight.

I'd like to read Boccaccio,
Apuleius and Rabelais,
Of Charles C. Peters and Rousseau,
And all the works of Henry Clay.
There's so much lit'rature I've missed,
And books no well-read man should slight;
Some night I'll have to make a list—
But not tonight.

—D. C.



WE WONDER WHY

- the Chamber of Horrors was inaugurated at our Hallowe'en Dance?
- the Chant is so harmonious on Monday mornings?
- our crits never agree with the teacher's ideas on the matter?
- you can always find books for others, but never yourself, in the Library?
- Mr. Denton would be a bandit if he lived in Mexico?
- our landlady's light bill increased enormously for the month of March?
- procrastination is so pleasant, and fatal?
- this was ever accepted?

—R. S.



The Lighter Side

ON the general principle that Jack should not be allowed to become dull, several entertainments have been provided for in the Normal School course. Quite early in the term a picnic and wiener-roast was held at Bugaboo Bay. The weather gods were propitious, the wieners luscious, so that even those who natationally braved the elements had an enjoyable time.

At the time of going to press, we understand that a second picnic will be held in June. Not having the gift of vaticination, we refrain from describing it here. Suffice to say, if history repeats itself, we shall all have a festive and pleasant day—with no hang-overs.

Before leaving the entertaining and engaging subject of picnics and outings, a word about the Class D hike to Mount Douglas in Easter-week will not be out of place. Under Mr. Wood's able leadership, sixteen grizzly mountaineers fought their way up the beetling cliffs of that monarch of the Saanich bad lands. A buffet lunch was served on the summit, and Robertson entertained the company with his simian antics.

Quite the outstanding social event of the year, however, was the Invasion by the Vancouver teams which culminated in the best dance of the year, to date, at any rate. We have no empirical knowledge of the other phase of it, but we do know that all Vancouver girls seem to be natural dancers. As for the other two dances which have been held, at Hallowe'en and Christmas, little need be said, but some of the added attractions were lots of fun. The breath-taking witches scene and Chamber of Horrors, which enlivened the former event, left us quite pale and clammy; it took all our reserve mechanism to pull us back into shape in time for the succulent repast served at the close of the function. At the Christmas celebration quite the piece de resistance was Santa's gift to Mr. Denton. Vurra humorous, vurra humorous!

It remains but to search the entrails and predict the events of the closing dance and banquet. If it is true that the dance is to be held on our new hard-wood floor, little more need be said. As to the banquet, the young of the human race are usually happy when eating, so there is no reason to suppose that even the speeches will spoil it.

In conclusion, our sincere thanks are due those members of the Staff and the student officials who have been responsible for the organization of this phase of our school life.

1 1 1

If reports can be relied upon this really did take place:

Critic Teacher: A most surprising thing occurred the other day. I asked the class "Who wrote the Lady of the Lake?" and a girl answered "Please, ma'am, I didn't."

Normalite: Heh! heh! I suppose she had done it after all.



"Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to Heaven."

THESE words should afford the students a good deal of comfort, for surely their activities during the past year are worthy of an unconditional pass through the pearliest of gates. Life, even at Normal, is not all work. If the ultimate motive of athletics, apart from mere pleasure, is to inculcate high ideals of Good Sportsmanship, the year has been a success. To greatness in athletics we lay no claim, nor do we rationalize when we say "it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat or the selfish hope of a season's fame."

THE INVASION

We had intended to camouflage the heading of this account lest the word "invasion" bring forth the response "History test." But to business—

In spite of the ominous nomenclature, the Invasion, made by the Vancouver Normal students on February 6 and 7, was the brightest athletic as well as social event in our school year. As an innovation the success of the invasion should warrant its repetition in order to continue and strengthen the friendly spirit created between the sister Normal Schools.

The visitors provided keen competition in all events, including dancing, and winners and losers alike came out of the tussles smiling.

The victory of our Girls' Basketball team was a pleasant surprise. Up to that time, due, no doubt, to the maladministration of the fates, the team had not been so fortunate. On this occasion, however, they played a wonderful game; indeed, it was an inspiring game. While the Vancouver students did not submit easily, our girls simply would not be denied and at the final whistle the score stood 35-24. The gods chose to frown upon our Boys' Basketball team. In other words, they lost, the score being 34-25. The Vancouver lads excelled in condition and floor-generalship. We are happy to report no casualties except the inevitable bumps and bruises common to all basketball games.

On the following morning our Girls' Hockey team filed out on the Victoria High School grounds with quickly-beating hearts and shaking knees (the latter condition was probably due to the weather). While we have no definite information regarding the mental set of the Vancouver girls as they



strode out on the field, the fact remains that as they came off the field their hearts, too, were beating quickly and no great wonder—they had played a hard game and had won. Had we not a high moral sense the score might have been omitted. However, "if I must, I must," it was 12-0. It was a treat to hear our girls cheer their conquerors.

To the Badminton team, Lady Luck was more propitious. The tournament which was held in the afternoon provided many thrills for players and spectators. Our team emerged triumphant, riding on the long end of a 13-7 score.

Further events, soccer and swimming had been planned, but the visitors were unable to offer competitors in either of these sports.

And so endeth that chapter—honors were halved and everybody was happy.

For the arrangement and management of the invasion great credit is due Mr. Campbell and the student-committees who worked so diligently and successfully to make the affair a memorable one.

They say history repeats itself—we hope so.



Left to Right: Back Row (Basketball)—K. Manning, Z. Purdy (Capt), G. Stipe, O. Walsh, B. Pardy, E. Cameron, C. MacDonald. Middle Row (Grass Hockey)—M. Pollard, M. McPhee, M. Hughes, Miss Coursier, C. Partridge, L. Tennant, E. Johnston. Front Row—May Webster, M. Roff, N. Craig, A. Staples, O. Anderton.

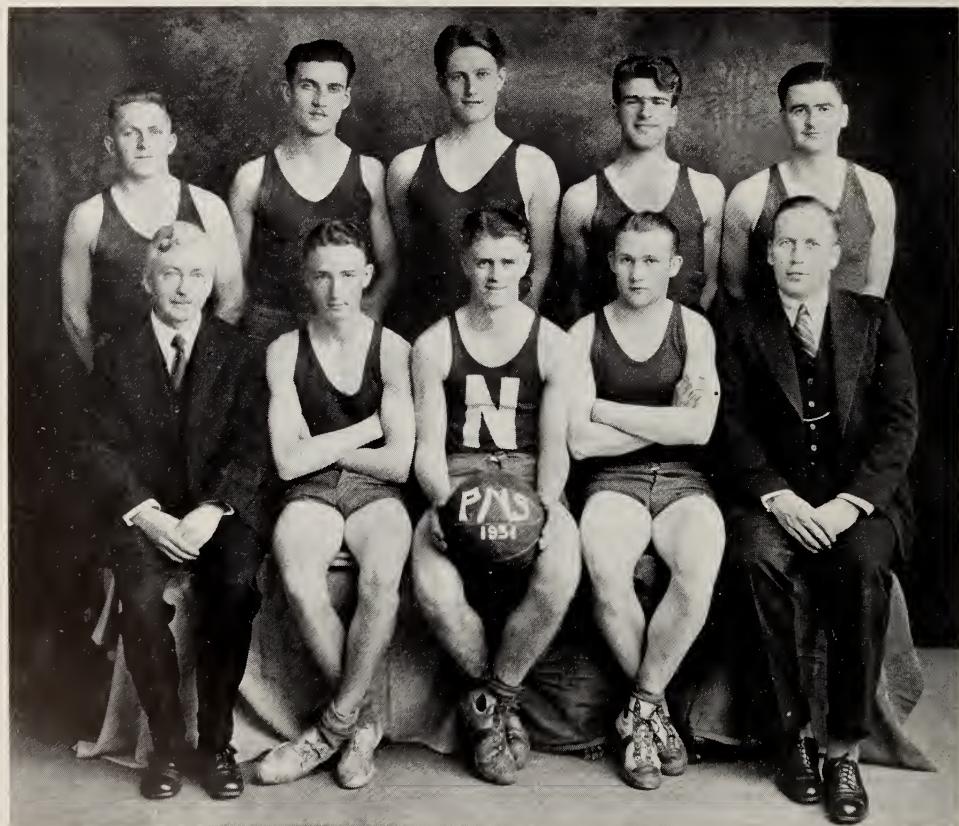


GIRLS' BASKETBALL

"Forty-seven ball players all in a row, one by one they fled, then there were no mo,'" save good old A team. Nice girls, these, but they were unlucky. Before the Victoria College and High School they capitulated, but held to the old saying "Smile awhile . . ." and forgot their defeats. In early spring they motored to West Road and almost defeated the famous "Harmony" girls, B. C. Champs. We hope Mr. Ripley does not commercialize the incident.

MEN'S BASKETBALL

From the beginning the boys took as their mottor "Try anything, not once, but many times."



Left to Right: Back Row—G. Hall, A. Cobus, S. McLean, R. Guidi, D. Quayle. Seated—Mr. D. L. MacLaurin, I. Whyman (Capt.), R. Hanna, Mr. H. L. Campbell.

Aiming high, the team entered the Intermediate A City League. While they never won a game, they won the hearts of the city audiences and their rivals by the dogged efforts which time and again promised victory. Poor condition and lack of organized practice kept the boys in the cellar but they



never gave up trying. Games were also played with the Victoria College and Sooke Intermediates. The results were no different in these encounters.

On the completion of the City League, a House League was formed. Mr. MacLaurin gave it a good send-off by tossing up the first ball. When the smoke cleared, MacLean's "Murderous Mexicans" were well in the lead, followed by Guidi's "Guzzling Gobs," Quayle's "Quivering Quakers," and Cobus' "Cracked Cuspids."

BADMINTON

With about thirty enthusiastic supporters, Badminton started off at a dizzy pace.

In the first term, a match against College at the Willows proved our team's mettle, the score being a draw, 13-13. During the second term in a



Left to Right: Top Row—E. Hewer, R. Hanna, E. Elmes, G. Wallach. Middle Row—D. Quayle, H. Dawson, D. Cobbett, C. Christopher, G. Hall, R. Spearman, J. Gillatt. First Row —S. Ryall, J. Hurford, Mr. H. L. Campbell, I. Whyman, H. Farquhar.

return match held at the Normal School, College went down in defeat, the score being 18-6. Later, the Lakehill team challenged us, and we journeyed there, to return with the long end of a 16-8 score. In early February, Cedar Hill invited our team to play a match on their court. And so was it done—chalk up another win, score 10-8! Finally we journeyed to the "Siwash



"Sweater" city, and realized our first defeat of the year, with a score of 4-10 in favor of the Duncanites.

We wish to extend our gratitude to Mr. Campbell for his ready aid in transporting the team hither and thither and yon.

GIRLS' GRASS HOCKEY

The weatherman having seen fit to bestow upon us early October rains, and the grounds having been remodelled, our hockey team was unable to get away to a good start. However, they met defeat cheerfully in games against the Victoria High School and Vancouver Normal School. The girls wish to thank Miss Coursier for her help in coaching them for the different games.

PING PONG

An early Fall and an early Spring tournament in Ping Pong drew a large number of entries. However, neither tournament was completed, but much fun ensued in the play-offs. Several new tables were added to the Ping Pong room this year, giving everyone a better chance to have more games. Ping Pong has made many devotees, with the result that the room has been used all Winter. Members of the Faculty have little difficulty in demonstrating "how it's done."

SOFTBALL

The Fall term did not afford very much opportunity for adherents to softball. But it is in the air now. Up to date, teams have been organized in the boys' and girls' classes and if nothing untoward occurs this activity will be given much attention during the remainder of the term. We have the grounds, the weather and the ambition.

SOCER

Soccer has been unavoidably neglected due to the reconditioning of the grounds. It may sound a little trite, but we do feel that, given the opportunity, the fellows would have shown up very well in this sport. With very little practice they were able to hold their own against the Oak Bay High. If — oh! what's the use!

TENNIS

Tennis, as usual, held its usual high place in the student activities last fall. A Get-Together Tournament early in last term served to break the ice and many a friendship started on our courts. Let us hope they do not end in courts.

As we go to press, a Track Meet looms on the horizon. Miss Coursier is in charge of the event and from the amount of training going on around the school it will, doubtless, be a success.

ATHLETIC SOCIETY EXECUTIVES

1930

President: Mr. R. Guidi.

Vice-President: Miss G. Stipe.

Secretary: Mr. A. E. Cobus.



Class Representatives—

Class A : Miss E. Cameron.
Class B : Miss B. Pardey.

Class C : Miss H. Heise.
Class D : Mr. G. Hall.

1931

President: Miss C. MacDonald. Vice-President: Mr. G. Wallach.
Secretary: Miss E. Cameron.

Class Representatives—

Class A : Miss Z. Purdy. Class C : Miss A. Staples.
Class B : Miss O. Walsh. Class D : Mr. R. Hanna.
Staff Advisor: Mr. H. L. Campbell.

We end this worthy chronicle with this message:

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"
This we all with joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And, falling, fling to the hosts behind—
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

† † †

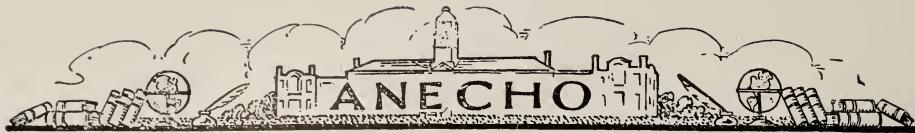
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Class B was bound for a game one day,
Which necessitated going across a bay,
There was STOODLEY, MANNING the boats,
While the cry, "Be SWIFT, comrades!"
Came from our throats.

"We surely must not miss this game,
For on it depends Class B's good name."
At last we were there; we rang our bell,
And then we gave our favorite yell!
The PORTER ran to pull the VINES
Away from the WALLS, and by all signs
MacDONALD had gone to cheer for JONES,
For, from the HALL, came weirdest groans.
MacALPINE cried, "GOOD-WIN the game!
Make for dear Class B a name!"

"Laud'er! Laud'er" cried McCALL,
As joyful yells came from the HALL,
And there within the referee's BOOTH,
MOREBY said, "Tis all the truth,
For through the KEHOE I did look,
And from the BOW-DIN SIMPSON took
The ball within her mighty hand,
And on it placed the Class B BRAND,
And so we've won the hardest game
And for good Class B won great fame."

—H. I. H.



LOST AND FOUND—AN EPIC

The sun was shining brightly, the sky was as clear as crystal, the air was filled with the perfume of a million spring flowers (there must be that many at least). All Nature seemed glad that day, and yet—he was not happy. As he trudged along the flower-bordered road, his heart was leaden. For him all cause for happiness was gone, lost, perhaps forever. He had sought among the hosts, to no avail, the dainty form which to him meant more than life itself. Grimly he thought of the long days ahead—days through which he must live without the joy of his heart. What a future! No inspiration in his work, no access to the great things of life. And then—just as he entered the grim building which suggested nothing but doom he caught sight of his treasure. With a wild cry, which rang through the vaulted corridor and echoed back and forth through the classrooms, he clasped to his bosom—his locker key.

* * *

THE SEAGULL

Whence do you come, shining seagull?
Great bird of the open sea—
Flying, resting, flying,
Living a life that is free.

Where do you dwell, shining seagull?
Is any shore your home?
Your Lullaby, a screeching cry,
Is heard o'er ocean's moan.

Where do you go, shining seagull,
When you follow the ships to sea?
Do you keep with them, and come again,
When they return to me?

Oh! pray tell, shining seagull,
Of yours and the ships' life free;
For there's nothing in our universe
Which may compare with thee.

—M. J.

* * *

Wallie E.: You have known me ten years. Lend me ten bucks.

Alan McK.: I regret I cannot lend you ten bucks.

Wallie: Indeed, and why not?

Alan (sadly): Because I have known you ten years.



Personals

*Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
and foolish notion.*

—Burns.





Class A
1931



Personals

Class A

CLASS A'S SONG

(To be sung to the tune of "When I Was a Student at Cadiz").

Oh! I am a student at Normal,
I belong to the brilliant Class A,
Class A.

Our lessons are never informal,
For our intellects grow day by day.
Class A.

Reading and writing and grammar and art,
We all take a part, so sprightly and smart,
In intellect we led the way from the start.
We belong to the brilliant Class A.
Class A.

Oh! I am a student at Normal,
I belong to the lively Class A,
Class A.

We often make way through the storm, all
Prepared for a hockey affray.
Class A.

Home-runs and baskets and goals are our forte,
We lead them in sport of the very best sort.
Our abilities have been belied by report,
But still we are the lively Class A,
Class A.

Oh! I am a student at Normal,
And I teach with the girls of Class A,
Class A.

With Entrance we sometimes are formal,
But with Primary we laugh and are gay,
Class A.

Sketch maps are useful we've learned by degrees,
We never say "Please" when we say "Stand at ease!"
Our methods are good. Oh! the whole world agrees
That the teaching is best in Class A.
Class A.

MARGARET ANDERSON (Victoria)

Description—Petite.

Habitat—Victoria, B. C.

Economic Value—Keeps Jean Campbell out of mischief on the way home from Normal.

Noteworthy Characteristic—"Blue Again!"

ELEANOR CAMERON (Victoria)

Pep and Sport; Secretary of the Athletic Society. Star of the Normal Badminton team. Her "shupressed deshire" is to be an aviator which is certainly a lofty ideal. Here's hoping the explorers find a new ocean for her to cross.



JEAN CAMPBELL (Victoria)

An Irish miss with a sweet manner, but the twinkle in her eye suggests mischief. Wrigley is reported to be keeping her supplied with gum; we rather believe this report!

MARY CARPENTER (Nanaimo)

Miss Carpenter has taken up athletics in the strenuous form of "ping pong." Mary is hard-working and uses her supply of carbohydrates in teaching. Oh! those ebony curls!

NESTA CARTER (Vancouver)

One of our sensible members who followed the birds to our city of sunshine. A good teacher for Victoria's rising generation.

ALATHEA CLAGUE (Victoria)

With Thea's clear keen joyance,
Langour cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance,
Never came to thee.

WINNIE COLEMAN (Argenta)

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul" but he hadn't anything on Winnie. In music we find her an ever-present help in time of trouble and trouble with time.

ETHEL COLTHORPE (Kimberley)

Description—Sweet.
Economic Value—Publicity Bureau for Kimberley.
Habitat—Kimberley (migrated to Victoria).
Noteworthy Characteristics—"This is nothing compared to what we have in Kimberley."

ELLA CREIGHTON (Nanaimo)

Ready Myrtle? Lessons quickly and well done, then Ella is ready for ping, pong, tennis, a swim or what have you?
"Pretty and petite is our Ella."

MOLLY DAVIS (Victoria)

One of those fascinating modern women, whom we think we know until we know them better, and then we discover that we only thought we knew them.

VERNA C. DAWSON (Osoyoos)

She is one of those capable and helpful girls that make such good friends. Generous and with a good sense of humour, she does an astounding amount of work. A firm believer in the Ogopogo of the Okanagan Lake.

MAY ECCLES (Nelson)

May is our talented pianiste who accompanies us in our singing periods and harmonizes some of our songs. Here's hoping you will be as good a teacher as you are a pianiste.

REBY EDMONDS (Victoria)

One of the bright-lights of our class—full of vivacity and wit. She upholds the honour of our class in every period with her discussions. Passes her spare time playing Badminton, being one of the star players on the Normal team.

ALICE FLYNN (Grand Forks)

Alice is noted for her witty remarks. Be careful what you say concerning Grand Forks when Alice is around. She has been working hard of late.

ALICE GODDARD (Trail)

One of the smaller members of our class. We wonder if walking accounts for the fact that her voice graduated from a low alto to a high soprano. Apparently walking develops one's lungs.

KATHLEEN GREENWAY (Nanaimo)

We never know what Kathleen is thinking but we are sure it is something intelligent. A well-liked member of our class. Kay believes:
"Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

MARY HUGHES (Salmon Arm)

A friend to everyone. Mary takes part in all sports. She is very original and clever at repartee. We feel sure she will make a splendid teacher.

EVELYN JOHNSTON (Victoria)

A cheerful smile, ever-ready laughter, an undeniable proficiency in studies, equal ability in Basketball, Hockey and Ukelele playing. Put them together and you have Ev.

ROBERTA JOHNSTON (Vernon)

A Vernon peach who is a Ping Ponger "extraordinaire." Well liked by all. Personality plus pep plus hard study equals Bertie.



RUTH LEVIRS (Victoria)

Cheerful, witty and wise—that's Ruth. Well known for her ability at the piano and her elocution as shown by her two very creditable appearances in the Lit. programmes. She is Class Reporter for the Annual.

NORAH LYNN (Victoria)

"Class A is surely lucky to have her."

She is one of the girls who is quite clever."

Pretty, petite, popular—three adjectives which modify our Norah.

FLORENCE McCLURE (Cranbrook)

"Slim's" ambition is to try out Victoria's new Bowling Alleys. Other than that she is quite sensible. Favourite pastime—demonstrating in P. T. Flo's ready wit can always be relied on to supply amusement for Class A.

GRACE McDOWELL (Penticton)

A good partner from brewing soup to teaching. Noted for her sense of humour and willingness to work.

"None knew her but to love her;"

None named her but to praise."

MARGARET MCPHEE (Victoria)

"Good things are often done up in small parcels."

A good Basketball player. She also gets some very high marks. (Believe it or don't.) Faithful and friendly to all.

HAZEL MATHERS (Alberni)

Arrives at dear old Normal at 8:01 every morning. A curly-headed brunette.

"Hazel Mathers is clever and gay;

Never late or absent a day."

FOYE MILES (Trail)

Foye carries her head in the clouds and makes the rest of Class A feel very small.

For serious or gay,

She's always the same;

A true friend to all,

Ever playing the game.

ISABELLE MOIR (Victoria)

A member of the melodious Class A Quartette. A good all round sport she plays Basketball, Badminton and even Ping Pong. Always wearing a cheery smile her favourite song is "Morning Comes (too) Early"

BESSIE NEWHAM (Colwood)

"From the suburbs of our fair city doth come this damsel sweet and fair." Keeps in training by running for the street car. Believes the saying, 'Smile and the world smiles with you.'

MAY POLLARD (Victoria)

May is an all-round good sport, playing Hockey and Basketball. She is Class A's Dramatic Representative. Her love for spring onions was revealed at one of our Literary programmes.

ZELMA PURDY (Victoria)

Captain of the Girls' Basketball team and our Class Representative for Athletics. She also "stars" in psychology and school ad.

"Now I have found my paint rags three;

But where, oh, where is my locker key."

MINNIE ROFF (Alberni)

Energy personified! An adept Badminton player, Basketball worker and Ping Pong enthusiast. A keen sense of humour makes Minnie a desirable companion and a popular student.

GLADYS STIPE (Victoria)

Captain of the Hockey team, guard on the Basketball team, a skilled Ping Pong exponent, etc. (It is also rumoured she plays rummy and tiddley-winks). Full of energy and always cheerful.

LOUISE TENNANT (Salmon Arm)

Common Name—Lou.

Occupation—Hockey, Basketball plus Teaching, Studying.

Favourite Expression—"So it seems."

Greatest Asset—A sense of humour.

ELEANORE WALKER (Brentwood Bay)

"Graceful and tall,

Admired by all."

An excellent debater, Eleanore was the president of the Dramatic Society for the Fall term. She is a splendid pianiste and has also sung for us many times during the Literary programmes



| | | | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|-------------------------|----------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Dorothy Brand | Clara Johnston | Margaret Hall | Roberta Kirby | Patricia Grimmond | Mary Goodwin |
| Ruth Everett | Wilma McAlpine | Pauline Hrooskin | Irene MacInnes | Bessie Cannings | Jessamine Lauder |
| Isabel Marion | Anne MacCurdy | <i>Class B 1931</i> | | | C. MacDonald |
| Winnifred Vines | Catherine Manning | Marjorie Sutton | Nancy Craig | Margaret Jones | Adeline Nicolette |
| Pearl Stodley | Elma Morbey | Marcella Sanford | Gladys Walls | Hughina Bowden | Hazel Hulls |
| Kathleen Porter | Margaret Pardey | Muriel Booth | Olive Walsh | Florence Simpson | Grace Kehoe |
| Emmeline Paulsen | Catherine Murray | | | Olive Anderton | Grace Swift |



MYRTLE WATCHORN (Nanaimo)

"She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter."

Our Literary representative and a hard worker. She is also writing the social news for the Annual. Her only weakness is:—"The onions that bloom in the spring, tra la."

HELEN HUMPHRIES (Vancouver)

A newcomer of this term. She makes a very pleasant companion.

"A fund of knowledge
Hid beneath a calm exterior
She doth possess."

KAY HYSOP (Squilla)

Another newcomer after Christmas. Kay is an experienced teacher whose pleasant personality makes her very well liked.
Ambition—To be a teacher plus.

DORA WHITE (Victoria)

Also a newcomer especially welcome to our class because of her musical ability. She is an expert violiniste and entertained us at a Literary meeting. A fairy-like blonde who studies hard.

Class B

SONG OF CLASS B

(To be sung to the tune of "Sweet Jenny Lee").

Dear old Class B,
Class of vitality,
Originality,
That's us, you'll see.
Girls of Class B
Have personality,
There's no equality
With dear Class B.
We have those high M.A.'s and I.Q.'s, too,
We have an optimistic, open view!
Psychology
Won't worry us, you see,
For we've the gaiety
OF GOOD CLASS B!

OLIVE ANDERTON (Courtenay)

One of our famous "duetists"; she is ever cheery and bright. She is a very good hockey player as her playing on the Normal team has shown.

MURIEL BOOTH (Marigold)

Hailing from the great metropolis of Marigold, the garden of Saanich, she is a real sun-kissed daisy.

"She has reddish-tinted golden hair,
And a smile that is forever fair."

HUGHINA BOWDEN (Victoria)

Hughie has a sweet soprano voice and is one of our "piccolo trio." She is our Literary Representative and stars as the heroine in Wild West dramas in which her winning smile melts even the villain's heart.

DOROTHY BRAND (Port Alberni)

Dolly is one of the "petite" members of our class with curly brown hair and a winsome smile. She is a "wow" at Basketball.

BESSIE CANNINGS (Penticton)

"A lucid thinker with a wide horizon."
She is the Vice-President of the Dramatic Society and an excellent teacher, full of vim, vigor and vitality.

NANCY CRAIG (Victoria)

The "shining light" of our class, due to that "strawberry blonde" hair. She is a swatter of the Hockey ball. Her only weakness is music, due to two things
(a) a piano, (b) a cornet.



RUTH EVERETTS (Vernon)

A conscientious worker at school and a good teacher. Her favourite game is Basketball and her charming smile endears her to everyone.

"Yellow her hair as the golden rod,
And brown her cheeks as the prairie sod."

MARY GOODWIN (Creston)

"Mistress Mary, wise and wary,
How did your lesson go?"

The invariable answer is "Just great" for this young lady likes teaching. She is noted for her lovely voice.

PATRICIA GRIMMOND (Victoria)

Pat, possesses a charming voice which was heard to advantage in the glorious Class B Quartette at Lit. Our expert on "stock soup."

MARGARET HALL (Mount Newton)

A friend to all. Favourite pastimes—Singing? and running for the bus. Favourite Expression—(Censored).

PAULINE HROOSKIN (Trail)

"First in work, first in pleasure;
Pauline is indeed a treasure.
Always smiling, bright and gay,
'Tis a joy to see her every day."

HAZEL HULLS (Nelson)

Peppy and always on the go. Showed us convincingly who "discuffered" America. She is also a good singer. (For further information refer to Margaret Jones or Sweet Jenny Lee.)

CLARA JOHNSON (Kaslo)

"The fairest of the fair."

Attributes her fair hair, rosy cheeks and blue eyes to eating lots of Kaslo bananas (full of Vitamins A, C and X). A member of the spectacular Class B Hoop team.

MARGARET JONES (Nanaimo)

'Haz-ul," a member of the "Amos and Andy" duo of the Normal—namely "Haze and Marge." Her favourite expressions are "Well, I'll be a sardine" and "Is this Matter or Method?"

GRACE KEHOE (Bridesville)

"A friend of mine,
A friend of thine,
A friend we're glad to know."

Her pet subject is History judging from her willing responses in History periods.

ROBERTA KIRBY (Nelson)

"I like work. It fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours."
This, however, is not true of our Bert. She always has a sunny smile for everyone.

JESAMINE LAUDER (Duncan)

Jessie has an unending supply of originality and artistic talent. She seems to be one of these "born teachers" about whom we hear so much.

LAURETTA McCALL (Victoria)

"Fair is she,
And fairer than that word
Of wondrous virtues fair."

Lauretta was the able President of the Literary Society for the Fall term and is now one of the Assistant Editors on the Annual. She is the owner of the "Wonderful One Horse Shay."

WILMA McALPINE (Trail)

Tall, dark, blue-eyed, flowing curls—it's Wilma. An industrious worker in the field of knowledge.

"Like a breeze from the sea,
Always fresh and full of glee."

ANNE McCURDY (Salmon Arm)

Rather backward in stepping forward. She looks shy—but we know different. Her favourite pastime is answering the question "Where does the Salmon keep its arms?"

CHRISTINE MacDONALD (Vernon)

Crick is President of the Athletic Society and no wonder she is when she plays Ping Pong, Tennis, Badminton, Hockey and Basketball with equal skill. Her knowledge of Hampshire cows is extraordinary.



IRENE MacINNIS (Cranbrook)

She spends her Friday nights swallowing water at the Crystal Garden. Slim and dark, Irene believes in going in for "this and that" in sports. Irene is a good teacher and deserves good luck.

KAY MANNING (Port Alberni)

Our wee little Hoop champion who is never happier than when tossing the ball in the gym. She also expends lots of energy in studying and preparing lessons.

ISABEL MARRION (Victoria)

A pretty blonde (gentlemen preferred) whose sweet soprano voice and irrepressible smile are valuable additions to Class B. She is also on the Hockey team and even smites a mean shuttlecock.

ELMA MORBEY (Victoria)

"Blondey" who distinguished herself by her creditable performance in the Christmas play and is now Secretary of the Dramatic Society. Plays Ping Pong and Badminton with equal fervor.

CATHERINE MURRAY (Victoria)

Botanical Name—Kaye.

Description—Brown-eyed, tall, beautiful.

Habits—A snack before singing periods.

Economic Value—"Co-education is very bad."

ADELINE NICOLETTI (Fernie)

"Affectionately known to all as Nick,
With her black hair she's so chic;
Her sunny smile and knowing air,
Make her popular everywhere."

BEE PARDEY (Salmon Arm)

A helping hand for everyone,
Full of pep and full of fun;
Never away and never tardy,
Answers "Present" to "Miss Bee Pardy."

Plays Basketball, Ping Pong, and Tennis and was our Sports Representative for the Fall term.

EMMELINE PAULSEN (Trail)

"Emmeline Paulsen, one of our class,
Her winning ways the rest surpass;
There's a charm in her smile,
And to know her is really worth while."

KATHERINE PORTER (Chemainus)

A tall beautiful brunette. A great enthusiast over salivation, psychology and basketball. She always has a cheery smile for everyone which has won and will win her many friends.

MARCELLA SANFORD (Erickson)

Our Ping Pong enthusiast who is rapidly becoming a real expert. Usually quiet and serene, Ping Pong is a very disturbing factor in her life, especially when she wins. Well-liked by all she will get on in the world.

FLORENCE SIMPSON (Armstrong)

Like all others who come from the famous Okanagan Valley, Florence is O. K.
"Nature has endowed her with a quiet smile and a bashful air."

PEARL STOODLEY (Armstrong)

"When at night we all are dreaming,

She is o'er her books still leaning."

Judging from her marks Pearl is one clever girl. She works hard as our Representative in the Dramatic and Debating Society.

MARJORIE SUTTON (Victoria)

A sweet-natured girl—and no wonder when one sees where she comes from. She plays Basketball and Ping Pong, and her favourite subject is Art. (Who?)

GRACE SWIFT (Penticton)

Short, sweet and sunny. She is one of Class B's best singers and also holds the important position of Class Pianiste.

MAUDE VINES (Fernie)

Our little blonde, and she has the honour of being the blondest in the School. She firmly believes in the policy that we cannot deceive ourselves.

GLADYS WALLS (Nanaimo)

Another blonde menace. And can she sing?—we ask you! She wanders through the halls thinking—maybe of that little school in the backwoods.



| | | | | | | | | | |
|--|-----------------|--|------------------|--|--------------------|--|-----------------|--|---------------------|
| | Mary Maida | | Muriel Blackmore | | Helen Heise | | Helen McClure | | Rosalie DuMont |
| | Helen Millar | | Helen Beran | | Evelyn Wallace | | Beth McMillan | | Betty McCallum |
| | Ruby Martin | | Anne Staples | | Kathleen McFarlane | | Lillian Murchie | | Margaret Matthews |
| | Elma Rabbitt | | Florence Parmley | | Class C 1931 | | Grace Shultz | | Christine Partridge |
| | Francis Kirkham | | Sheila Dwyer | | Elizabeth DuMont | | May Webster | | C. MacCrimmon |
| | Jean Wood | | Phyllis Gibson | | Elizabeth Sharp | | M. McConnachie | | Nora Mackie |



OLIVE WALSH (Victoria)

Our hefty Athletic Representative and possessor of a "sweet, bell-like voice." She acts as chauffeur for the "One Hoss Shay." She is always willing to lend a helping hand.

MRS. McDOWALL (London)

An English teacher of wide experience who spent a few months at our school during the Spring term. If after as many years of teaching as she has experienced we are as cheerful and open-minded as she is, we will have accomplished a great deal.

Class C

SONG OF CLASS C

(To be sung to the tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More").

Wherever you go in the Normal School,
In the realm of co-eds fair,
If it's brains, or looks, or pep, you want,
Class C is always there.

Chorus:

Oh! since Class C is so excellent,
The best class in the school,
We'll see you have all kinds of fun,
This is our Golden Rule.

HELEN BERAN (Grand Forks)

She is Class C's faithful attendance slip carrier.
"She lives for those who love her,
For those that know her true,
For the heavens that smile above her,
And the good that she can do."

MURIEL BLACKMORE (Alberni)

"Truly a daughter of the Gods,
Divinely tall."
Muriel is a reserved, studious girl with a friendly smile for all. She is an excellent Badminton player and plays on the Normal team.

ELIZABETH DUMONT (Roseberry)

"Not too good, not too bad,
But the elements so mixed, that all
Seemed to say—This is a friend."
A pleasant and mirthful member of our class.

ROSALIE DUMONT (Roseberry)

"Rosalie, a tall student of Class C,
Is always working as hard as can be.
She has the pluck,
We wish her luck,
Wherever she may be."

SHEILA DWYER (Duncan)

"There are many girls in the Normal School,
Who are friendly and so nice to know;
But the girl worth while,
Is the girl who can smile,
And cheer you when you're feeling low."

PHYLLIS GIBSON (Powell River)

'She is short and slim, but very prim,
Is our little Phyllis dear;
We wish her the very best of luck,
At the end of this school year.'

HELEN HEISE (Cranbrook)

"Oh! who is so merry and kindly as Heise,
As a spreader of sunshine she sure takes the prize.
She is loved by Class B,
By Class A and Class D,
But is nurtured and owned by
The famous Class C."



FRANCES KIRKHAM (Duncan)

"A soul who's joyful, keen and snappy,
Always singing, always flinging
Care aside, and never unhappy,
That's Frances—the flute-voiced caroller."

HELEN MCCLURE (Kimberley)

A pleasant member of Class C.
"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

MARGARET McCONNACHIE (Penticton)

"Always as calm, always serene,
This is our Mugs wherever she's seen."
Mugs is one of our smallest students but remember that it is quality and not quantity that counts.

BETTY McCALLUM (Grand Forks)

"If she wears a sunny smile,
That's Betty McCallum;
If she's happy all the while,
That's Betty McCallum.
If she's just the best kind of a scout,
Always too willing and busy to pout,
Full of vitality, originality,
That's Betty McCallum."

TINA MacCRIMMON (Victoria)

Whose tongue can say truthfully:
"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."
She is a friend worth knowing, a friend worth having and a friend worth keeping.

KATHLEEN MacFARLANE (Cranbrook)

"Everybody loves our 'Oh Kay,'
We all feel blue when she's not gay;
She's a studious member of Class C,
And we hope that successful she will be."

MARY MAIDA (Christina Lake)

"A reserved member of Class C,
But oh such a sweet personality.."
We feel sure she will make an excellent teacher and wish her luck.

RUBY MARTIN (Erickson)

"To look at her, you'd think that she
Was the solemn member of Class C;
But Ruby's brown eyes hide a smile
That makes you think 'Life's still worth while.' "

NORAH MACKIE (Nanaimo)

"Norah Mackie of Class C,
Leads the class in psychology,
And in June she will surely be
A teacher of the first degree.
Never quarreling, never sad,
Always happy, always glad."

MARGARET MATHEWS (Nanaimo)

"Margaret is our Nanaimo blonde,
Of teaching she is very fond;
As is shown by her winning ways,
She'll go very far in future days."

HELEN MILLER (Cranbrook)

"Nell is to us and others,
Gay and full of fun;
She studies hard and perseveres,
In her subjects every one;
We like her pluck and wish her luck,
In life till life is done."

BETH McMILLAN (Port Alberni)

The girl with the charming smile.
"Beth McMillan is her name,
At work and play she's just the same;
Peppy, lively and true blue,
Beth is a good sport through and through."



LILLIAN MURCHIE (Duncan)

"Dancing gaily here and there,
Spreading fun through all the air."
Has captivated everyone by her generosity and good-natured mischievousness.
Her only weakness is Ping Pong.

FLO PARMLEY (Penticton)

"Our little Flo, calm and serene,
Forever saying 'I do hate to be mean.'"
This dainty young lady is another of the famous Penticton peaches.

CHRISTINE PARTRIDGE (Victoria)

Known and loved by Class C for her good nature. She stars at Normal as a Hockey star. Her ambition is to be a gymnastic instructress and we wish her luck.

ELMA RABBIT (Revelstoke)

"Loved by all the Normal folk,
Is Elma Rabbit of Revelstoke;
Always happy and ready to joke,
Yet she can ever so serious be,
And is known to analyze every book,
Until she need no longer look."

GRACE SHULTZ (Vernon)

"She's as cheerful as the sunshine,
On a smiling morn in May;
She is sure to make a teacher,
Who will gladden every day."

BETH SHARP (Lady Smith)

Beth is a good sport and fond of fun. Her curly hair is the envy of all Normalites. We all wish her every success.

ANNE STAPLES (Duncan)

"The fun of our class centres around our Anne,
Who is noted as an Athletic fan;
Her motto is 'Be fair always,'
You'll find, my dears, it ever pays.
In days to come when teaching school,
This still will be her golden rule."

EVELYN WALLACE (Nelson)

"She is as good as she is fair.
None, none on earth excel her.
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her is to love her."
Former Class Representative for the Literary Society and now one of the Assistant Editors of the Annual.

MAY WEBSTER (Fernie)

(Whose ambition is to see over the window sill).
"The smallest member of our class,
Hails from Fernie by the pass;
Liked by everyone is little May,
For she is always so happy and gay."

JFAN WOOD (Alberni)

The brilliant red-headed girl who stars at Padminton.
"For she is of the quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary;
Like streams, that keep a quiet mind,
Snow-hid in January."

EVELYN COLE (Chilliwack)

Who finished her term at Christmas. She is a good pianiste and entertained us many times at Lit.

✓ ✓ ✓

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Katherine Scroggie | Mrs. Cecilia Lauder |
| Frances Bell | Christina Dobbin |
| Ena Henderson | Kathleen Brown |
| Marjorie Waites | |

These students left us at Christmas to finish their year's work at the University of British Columbia. Good-bye and good luck!





Class D

BALLAD OF CLASS D

(To be sung to the tune of "Here Comes the Sun").

Come on, you fellows, sing,
Let all your voices ring,
Here comes Class D.
Away with Psychology,
And Physiology,
We're on a spree!

We've that Normal complex,
We're Oke with the fair sex.
Oh—watch your step, lady;
I don't mean maybe.

Uncork the ginger beer,
Come on, you fellows, cheer
The "frat" of Class D.
We are all hand in hand,
Headed for the promised land.
Come on, Class D!

May your joys be long-winded,
And your sorrows be few,
Come on and show your style,
Come, everybody, smile.
WE ARE CLASS D!

ALBERT ANGRIGNON (New Denver)

Bearer of the attendance slip of our illustrious class. He says his rosy cheeks are due to the pie which he shares with "Deacon" at lunch-time. Noted for his ability to make coffee (?)

JAMES BOSERIO (Nanaimo)

Whose influence bears a great deal of weight in our awe-inspiring class. A regular black diamond from the coal city. Noted for his marks in Literature and his Basketball playing.

DESMOND BURDON-MURPHY (Victoria)

Our great ivory-tickler who is always ready to entertain us with his playing. He is reported to prefer Bach and Chopin to Sears and Cameron. He was our Literary Representative for the Fall term.

WILLIAM CALVER (Salmon Arm)

Our genial "butter and egg" man. Noted as the only man who can read his own writing. When not studying his favourite pastime is Badminton. He is constantly playing "spite singles" for a place on the team.
"A rose among thorns (???)".

ALAN CATT (Nanaimo)

A brawny lad from the coal town. He is an excellent Basketball player as was shown by his performance in the gym. Unfortunately for our wonderful class he finished his term at Christmas and is now teaching.

CHARLES CHRISTOPHER (Victoria)

"Ladies and Gents, we now take great pleasure in introducing to you the champion Ping Ponger of all time, Monsieur Christopher." Nevertheless, overlooking his deplorable pastime, "Chris" is a good student and a friend to all.

JOSEPH CHUBRA (Fernie)

Another "calorie" man. Originator of the expression "30 shares a day will keep the doctor away." If "A little learning is a dangerous thing," Joe is perfectly harmless, for he does work hard and knows a great deal.

DOUGLAS COBBETT (Victoria)

The blazing, bright-headed (Blisterine) baritone of the renowned Class D. He knows every verse in "Oh, My Darling Clementine." He is a debater of ability and holds down the position of Class Representative for the Dramatic Club.



Archie Murphy



Daniel Quayle



Wilfred Webster



Adam Robertson



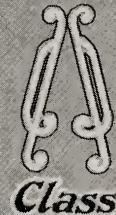
Fred Parsons



Septimus H. Ryall



Victor Montaldi



Class
D

(M to Y)



Gilbert Yard



Ivan Whyman



Robert Spearman



George Turner



William Tippet



Lloyd Watkins



James Swan



E. Lee-Warner



George Wallach



David Tully



Bernard Neary





A. E. COBUS (Fernie)

"And still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all he knew."

The hard-working editor of the Annual who is a bright light in sports and studies. He is a "wiz" at Basketball and Psychology. He has, of late, been growing a moustache on the installment plan—a little down each week.

HORACE DAWSON (Victoria)

Bosom pal of "Sep" Ryall and Don Juan A of our famous class. When not selling ad space (he is business manager) his favourite pastime is selling Panama hats to the Peruvians or coffee to the Brazilians.

HOWARD DENTON (Victoria)

Don Juan B, whose wavy teeth and gleaming hair wreak havoc among the weaker sex. He was Secretary of the Literary Society in the Fall term. One of our Class politicians who talks on subjects deep and varied (?).

WALTER ELMES (Corbin)

"Hail to thee blithe spirit,

 Quiet thou never wert."

Woe to the hombre that gets in his way. If you see a blonde streak on the Basketball floor or Soccer field, that's Wallie. He was the irate papa in the Christmas play.

HUGH FARQUHAR (Victoria)

"Vive l'amour." What would happen to the girls if our handsome blonde Arab should depart? It would certainly be hard on Class B. (Heh! Heh!). Hughie is noted for his sax-tootin' and his prowess at Badminton.

 My strength is as the strength of ten,

 Because my heart is pure."

ALEX. FERGUSON (Ladysmith)

The genial Vice-President of the Literary Society. He lends his verbal support (assez beaucoup) to our team. Famous for his I. Q. test which rates everybody in Normal as two-year-olds. Why? Here is question 1: "How many drops of milk in a milk-shake?"

W. FROMSON (Esquimalt)

Our big, milk-drinking he-man from the wilds of Esquimalt. "Bill is a noted Ping Pong star and has lately taken up Badminton. (To give his Ping Pong opponents a chance to brush up their game).

JOHN GILLATT (Queen Charlotte Islands)

Jack is our star Badminton player—and how. He is a handsome young lady-killer with a beautiful tenor voice! He attributes his voice to training received in the salmon canneries of the Queen Charlottes where he used to sing in order to lure the salmon into the cans.

G. FREDERIC GREEN (Victoria)

Si is our noted actor (police defective) and debater. His favourite pastime is taking radios to pieces to see what's wrong (or right) with them. "I never trouble trouble until trouble troubles me."

GARTH GRIFFITHS (Victoria)

"Kid Griff," the man who makes a mouth organ talk. Griff is an excellent debater and student. His "Compound" (a car of many parts) has made nature trips easier for many of us.

RUDOLPH GUIDI (Kelowna)

"Rudy Guidi—from Kelowna,
Hunter of flirtatious damseis,
Ex-President of Athletics,
Runner, jumper, singer, teacher,—
Let us end it ere we flatter."

GORDON HALL (Kelowna)

Our Aquatic star and Basketball player. Gordie is also a debater of ability and yodels a good tenor.

 "What are oceans but for me to swim,
 What are honours but for me to win."

R. HANNA (Nelson)

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Deacon is a snappy Basketball and Softball player. He is our Athletic Representative. His favourite expression: "Where's the women?"

NORRIS HARWOOD (Victoria)

Bob's lack of inches is more than compensated by his ready wit. His favourite pastime is hunting programmes for the Literary Society, of which he is the President. He is a noted Badminton player (what for, we don't know), and Swimmer (inventor of the Norris Submarine Dive).



E. E. HEWER (Kelowna)

Never mind, Napoleon was a small man. If he were as big as his smile he would be a true giant. Fond of his own voice and O.K. apples he originated the saying "When It's Springtime in Mount Tolmie, I'll be coming back to you, my little Blue-Eyed Mary."

D. HOGARTH (Victoria)

The handsome hero of the M.T.D.A. He is a good banjo player (?) and an excellent singer (?). Although he is Secretary of the Literary Society, Dave still likes pork and is fond of beans. He also prefers orange to mauve shirts and dislikes red socks. Dave is an industrious student.

C. HOLM (Grand Forks)

"Give me a draught from the Crystal Garden." Carl is reported to subsist entirely on coffee and milk-shakes. He is the gun totin' sheriff of western plays.
"He is quite high in Psychology,
But sours so low in Doh-soh-me."

JACK HORBURY

The cheerful referee of our Pre-Christmas Basketball scrambles. Unfortunately Jack left us at Christmas and is now "in the backwoods."

JAMES R. HURFORD (Courtenay)

Noted for his prowess at Badminton. He wields a wicked racquet. Though small in stature he has been a tower of strength in the Normal team. Jimmie is bright and cheery, and a hard worker.

CAMPBELL KENNEDY (Nanaimo)

"Music and art hand in hand." Possessor of a beautiful baritone voice Campbell has often entertained us at Lit. He is decidedly artistic and deserves his position as Art Editor of this Annual. A very hard worker, he receives the good marks he deserves.

EDGAR LEE-WARNER (Victoria)

"Edgah" is a he-man from the wilds of Sooke where he spends his spare time catching tiger lilies. Often seen on one end of a Ping Pong bat in a vain endeavour to beat Watkins. A bright student and a capable teacher.

S. McLEAN (Victoria)

"Above the common flight of vulgar souls." Famous as the exponent of the "a la McLean" method of shooting baskets. One of the "big trains" of Badminton and Tennis. Favourite expressions (Censored, Ed.)

JOHN McLEOD (Vancouver)

"Alas, he left us for a better clime." Jack is now teaching, as he left us at Christmas. We wonder why the school board thought it necessary that Jack bring a gun along with him.

JOHN McCARTNEY (Nanaimo)

Possessing a wealth of information concerning the pulp mill at Port Alice. Although he has a good voice John at time requires a little outside pressure in order that he use it to the best advantage. (For further information see any member of our handsome class).

ALAN McKENZIE (Summerland)

Just another hic-farmer with the ambition to be a teacher. We wonder why he spends such a lot of time in the reading-room studying (?) School Ad. Often found in the Ping Pong room or quarreling with Elmes as to who really belongs to that packet of Ogden's Fine Cut.

FRED MARSHALL (Port Alberni)

One-time Ping Pong champ who finished his course at Christmas. Fred was full of merriment and a real "wise-cracker."

V. MONTALDI (Victoria)

Who possesses a great deal of knowledge in every cubic inch of head space. Our expert at etymological derivations. Reads Latin verse to get ideas for primary stories.

"Uttering words of thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around."

ARCHIE MURPHY (Victoria)

"The apple of his mother's eye." The only man who doesn't play Ping Pong (much). There's Archie looking out of the window again with that far-away look of his. No, he's not watching the sea-gulls. Why! he's thinking!

BERNARD NEARY (Victoria)

Super-villain and bad man. Despite an outward show of playfulness he takes his work seriously. Plays Badminton and Basketball (3 baskets out of 10 shots is his record). Our Literary Rep. and Personal and Humour Editor for the Annual.

"Abou Ben Neary, may his tribe increase."



FRED PARSONS (Penticton)

His favourite occupation is advertising the protein and vitamin content of O.K. apples. Noted for his ability to argue with Montaldi over knotty points in grammar. He is also a noted expert at the big game of Ping Pong. "How about a game."

DAN QUAYLE (Ladysmith)

The Basketball star and founder of the "Theory of Altitude." Although he comes from Ladysmith he subsists almost entirely on milk, which he eats either raw or in the form of shakes. Also pulls in some good School Ad. marks. His only passion is cornet playing.

ADAM ROBERTSON (Creston)

Hard to see but all there. Wanders around the Normal at all hours, studying, presumably. Pee-wee has become civilized since arriving in Victoria and spends a great deal of time at the Crystal Garden. (Robertson Avalanche Dive).
"He's small but he's wise."

SEPTIMUS RYALL (Victoria)

Envied by all men for his part in the Christmas play (he seems to have a great technique). "Sep" is our Badminton and Tennis star. Sep's melodious voice can be heard at any interval between class periods. He is President of the Dramatic Society.

"His chin is but enriched by one appearing hair."

JAMES SWAN (Nanaimo)

The dark horse of Ping Pong who sprang a big surprise in becoming one of the champions. He has a good voice which we should hear more often.
"Of all our parts the eyes express,
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."

BOB SPEARMAN (Armstrong)

The Galloping Ghost of the Badminton floor. Although he is no longer in Armstrong, his fodder is still largely composed of celery.
"Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way."

WILLIAM TIPPETT (Victoria)

"Tip" is the official doorshutter for this great class. He may be seen any day at 3:30 on the gym floor pushing the basketball. He shines in Arithmetic where his Mathematical mind is of great comfort to the rest of us, because he answers the difficult questions.

DAVE TULLY (Fernie)

We wonder if this strong silent man was driven to teaching by some disappointment in love. He plays a good game of Basketball, however.
"He loves the cows and chickens."

W. TURNER (Victoria)

"Willie Turner, agile actor,
Resident of fair Victoria;
Smoker of the powerful peace-pipe,
Smiter of the shifty shuttle;
Swift of fin in water polo,
Trusty teacher, cheerful fellow,
Thus he shall go down in history."

G. WALLACH (Fernie)

"Scotty, our Basketball cap,
Has a serious look on his map;
He's there all day,
But at night he's away,
Strengthening his athletic synapse."

LLOYD WATKINS (Victoria)

He spends his spare time in the pursuit of knowledge and his spare cash in spare parts for his "Lizzie." He tours Saanich in his "Baby Lincoln" in search of flowers. Never mind, Lloyd, it still gets you to school—late!

W. WEBSTER (Nelson)

"Merrily sings the lark," but it has nothing on the class Romeo whose excellent tenor voice is a very entertaining factor in many of our Lit. programmes. His only weaknesses are old bicycles and women.

IVAN WHYMAN (Nanaimo)

Although Ivan is the "despair of the ladies" he is one of the Basketball and Badminton stars of our class. He is very popular with everybody (including Classes A, B and C) and is holder of the local telephoning record (62 1-4 minutes).

GILBERT YARD (Victoria)

Buster's large brown eyes will some day be his undoing. He is very fond of music, especially of his own singing and is the author of that delightful book "Twelve Years a Horn-Player." He is the hope and despair of nearly every girl in the Normal School.



WHY?

Sometimes I wonder why we're here,
And why we live at all—
Why there's a Spring to every year
Summer, Winter, Fall.

Why is the North Star in the sky?
Why the Milky Way?
Why are the Dippers up on high?
To light us on our way.

Why did God make the human race?
Infinitesimal mites,
We hurry along at Life's mad pace,
Claiming our meagre rights!

We learn a little, breathe a space,
And then we simply die—
Is there a heaven after Death?
Probably—but why?

—E. C.

* * *

The way to keep your feet from sleeping is to turn them in.

* * *

Mr. Denton: Have I ever told you this joke before?

Class D: Yes!!!!

Mr. Denton: Then perhaps you will understand it this time.

* * *

LESSON PREP

Build the more stately lesson plans,
O, my Lad!
As the swift weeks roll;
Leave thy low-marked crits,
Let each new lesson be nobler than the last,
Shut thee from failure with subject matter more vast,
Till thou at last are free
To teach each day till eternity. —J.H.



The Up-to-date Normal Students take an Evening off

THEY were sitting, most of the weight resting on the backs of their necks, in the bed-smoking-study-room of the airy quarters of Cobus and Hanna.

Angrignon, Dawson, Denton, Elmes, Harwood, Hogarth, MacKenzie, Neary and Ryall were there; in fact nearly all of the famous class "D" were actually in or about the room somewhere.

Ryall had laid aside his banjo and Dawson had given up the effort of trying to tune his saxaphone. General lack of interest, and feelings, or maybe real fatigue, were manifest, Angrignon and Hogarth had long since given up the struggle and were sleeping soundly, if not comfortably.

"Have a cigar," said Wallie.

"Smoked cigars until I am sick of them," answered Denton, who did seem rather pale and listless.

"What can we do this evening anyway?" queried the great playwright, Neary.

"I don't know," said Cobus with a fine, prolonged yawn. "What about going to the pictures?"

"Your 'what about' questions are decidedly poor form," said Norrie, "but I am sick of picture shows, anyway."

"There's a musical revue on tonight if we want to go to that," suggested the musical "Ollie" Hogarth who had awakened from his slumbers.

"I'm fed up with plays and those kind of things," said Sep.

"So am I. There's a dance at the Crystal tonight," said the ever hopeful Neary.

This latter speech, in some mysterious way, aroused Dawson from his dreams and he said, "Dance at the Crystal! I have suggested many times to the management that a special rate be allowed poor Normal students; then again we have attended at least fifteen dances this month already. But what grieves me most of all is the emphatic and final way in which the management refused to give me and my hardworking associates at least a fifty-cent advertisement for our distinguished Annual."

This long speech was too much for his constitution and he immediately resumed his interrupted dreams.

"By the way," said Mac, arousing himself with great difficulty from a pleasant dream of teaching a one-pupil school in the beautiful Okanagan country. "How is the Annual coming along, Cobus?"

"Oh—," drawled Cobus striving to stifle a yawn which threatened to result in lock-jaw, "Dawson has enough money, so I guess we can manage to spend it all."

Wallie picked up the Times and after a close and penetrating study of the columns gravely announced, "Well, what about going to the Teachers' Convention at the Empress tonight?"



Everyone became suddenly electrified and a great volume of hideous and insane yells made the house shake; in fact it is said that a tidal wave resulted and its influence was felt even in Japan. Elmes managed to make his escape by leaping through a window and it is rumoured he paused for thirty seconds rest out near the Ross Bay Cemetery. The speedy Aggie was detailed to see that he did not rest too long.

After this intense excitement the assembled students found little difficulty in relaxing and assuming their former comfortable and drowsy positions (weight still resting on the backs of their necks).

Neary was not to be contented so easily, however, and he commenced the following list of hopeful suggestions, to which the students turned sleepy ears. Said Neary, "There's a debate at the Literary Society, a lecture on Spring Flowers at the Museum, an uplift meeting of the Social Science Workers to discuss—."

"Oh, ditch it," said Denton. "No, there doesn't seem a thing to do."

He yawned again and a deep silence followed which was unfortunately broken by Sep. who sleeps rather loudly. This peaceful condition lasted for over half an hour when Cobus must have had a dream, for he suddenly sat up a trifle straighter, relieved the pressure on his neck, and yelled so loud and long that the other students became at least partially conscious.

"I'll tell you!" he exclaimed, "I've got a whale of an idea. Let's study! Let's spend the evening right here and study!"

After frequent repetitions the other students were able to graps what he was driving at and commenced to show a greater interest.

"Well, what are we going to study?" asked Norrie Harwood. "All of my books are in my locker and I lost the key six or seven months ago."

Cobus and Hanna immediately made a dive for their room and both were heard to murmur from the depths of their ancient trunks, "I thought that I put some texts away with my winter underwear last fall."

After a great deal of strenuous work in which various articles of wearing apparel were ruthlessly cast out the window in their feverish haste, each emerged with a volume. On close inspection it was found that Cobus's text was written by Mr. Sears, an excellent treatise on School Administration; while to the amazement of all the students the text which Hanna gleefully held up for inspection was written by Mr. Cameron and it was entitled Educational Psychology.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the students in perfect unison. "However did Cobus get the winderful idea of spending the evening in study?"

—R. H.

* * *

THE B. C. TEACHERS' FEDERATION

The thanks of the student body are due to the B. C. Teachers' Federation for the kind invitation and hospitality which they extended to us during their Convention in Victoria in Easter week.



OPUS NOCTURNALE

A book, a pen,
A light, a den,
A clock, a hand
That shifts like sand
So quickly goes it hurrying.

A nod, a snore,
And then some more,
A thump, a thud,
A clump of mud,
Our hero starts a-stirring.

A look, a glance,
A caperlike dance,
A scurry, a flurry,
A demon-like hurry,
Our hero stops his worrying.

—Anonymous.



No one is useless in the world who lessens the burden of it for somebody else.—Dickens.



COMMON

Up the grade the car is slowly climbing,
There are students strung along.
And old Mount Tolmie ever nearing,
Looms clear and cold and strong.

Before me as I wend my way alone,
The campus grounds unfold.
Where 'twixt an oak tree and a stone
I sight the fortress bold.

Then up between two rows of eastern maples
My footsteps hasten on;
Till quite as though it were in fable
I enter in . . . Am gone.

—Anon.



De Prosa Oratione

IN the winter of 1928-29, while taking the cure amid the sulphured peacefulness of Port Alice, I was afforded opportunity and leisure to consider Nature as an artist. I was reading Cowper's translation of the *Odyssey* at the time, and the contrast between the rosy-fingered Dawn of Homer's isles and the steel-taloned Dawn of the North started a train of thought in my mind, a train which I often board in idle moments and dull classes. My, but those sunrises were marvelous! Above the dark hills behind the town would creep a glimmer of light like a silver mirror, succeeded chameleon-wise by all shades, boreally grayed, of purple, pink, yellow, and gold. No rosy fingers there, no wine-red sea, but the artistry was no less superb. One night, too, I was called out to observe a breath-taking sunset of gray and blue cotton wool interspersed with yellow tints, a magnificent thing which defies description.

Often, since then, have I ruminated on the wonders of natural phenomena, and on the no less wonderful way in which man has recorded them for us, so that we can, by a few movements of hand and eye, enjoy them over and over again. Wonderful it is that the sight of certain dark marks on a light ground will call before the mind a perception we have previously experienced; how much more wonderful that certain other marks will call up a picture we have never seen, an odour we have never smelled, a sound we have never heard! What would one not give for the power to conjure up these pictures at will, and set them down for the delectation of mankind? Failing this boon, this power, how much have we not to be thankful for that we can at least read what others, more talented, have written, and can see the visions, smell the perfumes, and hear the sounds which they have preserved for us? And have not some of us still more to be thankful for that we can be the means of opening up these avenues of enjoyment for the less traveled and the less experienced?

Does one seek examples of these pictures, our literature is a veritable storehouse of them. With Telemachus, sailing for Pylus, we see the western breezes "curl the sable deep," we hear the flood roar past the prow and the wind whistle in the strained cordage of the rigging; we join his crew with "beakers crowning high with wine" in hailing the ever-living gods. With Homer's foremost adoptive son we see "the cold, round moon shine deeply down" on the brown hills of Corinth, set between a blue sky and a bluer sea. Rose Macaulay, seeking to prove that there is nothing new under the sun, need have gone no farther for a text than:

"There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,
Which changeless rolls eternally."

One thinks at once of the pyramids; but the sea was before them, and will outlast them.

Different painters paint with a different brush. Keats' "mellow fruitfulness" is overcast with a golden haze; his Madeline sleeps

" . . . an azure lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavended."



Wordsworth paints "the wild secluded scene" of Tintern Abbey with a brush of blackest green. Tennyson leaves us breathless with the dark red tones of:

"Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang—
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon."

Does one seek a subtler technique, let him read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. No Japanese print, no spider's web, was ever of such delicate construction as this portrayal of an old man. What further proof is needed that the excellence of art lies not in the matter, but in the form.

Our treasury of literature contains an inner and an outer room; and in leading the uninitiated into the inner chamber, where lie the golden rolls of poetry, how often is he left oblivious of the no less priceless gems of prose in the anteroom. It is not my intention to institute and conduct single-handed a philosophic enquiry into the respective merits of the *ars poetica* and the *ars prosaica*, but I shall at least permit myself the indulgence of making this observation: no small part of the poet's effect is created by the rhythm of his words; once his scheme of prosody is established, it serves as a guide; but the writer of prose, who works with a more amorphous medium, must indeed "wrestle with the Lord" for his creation.

The anteroom is no less rich in delicate paintings than the inner sanctum. When one thinks of fine prose pictures, no author comes to mind quicker than Joseph Conrad, and no scene before that of the pink toads crawling over the Patna's chief engineer. Sensations flash before the mind in quick succession: the pilgrim ship on the Arabian Sea and night descending like a benediction, the storm in *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, the Mediterranean pilot boat, the picture of Polish feudalism in *Prince Roman*, the matchless description of that "heart of darkness"—the Congo basin. The sense of sight is not alone appealed to. "We drag at oars with aching arms," narrates the hero of *Youth*, "and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odours of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face." Who cannot feel it? Does one seek to give the nose a literary experience, there is no more persuasive smell in all literature than that of the burning cargo of the "*Judea, London. Do or Die.*"

We said that much of the effect of poetry depends on its appeal to the ear, to the sense of rhythm. The same is true of prose, but at what a price! By way both of explanation and example I offer this from *A Personal Record*:

"I was just then giving up some days of my allotted span to the last chapters of the novel *Nostromo*, a tale of an imaginary (but true) seaboard, which is still mentioned now and again, and indeed kindly, sometimes in connection with the word failure, and sometimes in connection with the word astonishing. I have no opinion on this discrepancy. It's the sort of difference that can never be settled. All I know, is that, for twenty months,



neglecting the common joys of life that fall to the humblest of this earth, I had, like the prophet of old, 'wrestled with the Lord' for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the Placid Gulf, the lights on the snows, the clouds on the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile."

Should one seek a further example of rhythmic prose, one should turn to the pages of Francis Parkman. His periods roll on in majestic cadence through forest, plain, lake, and rapid, through portage and Indian warfare, in the trail of the soldier, the settler, the hunter, and the missionary. No dime thriller was ever more avidly consumed than *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, no marble frieze more sedate. It is true that Parkman's rhetoric at times runs away with him, and this is no less the case with the equally fluent Gibbons, so that their works call for constant vigilance on the part of the student, but as masters of English prose composition they march with the pipes. As an example of bewitching language in an unrelated sphere of literature I offer von Helmholtz, *Ice and Glaciers*. No writing ever gained in translation, but the version published in *The Harvard Classics* will suggest to the discerning why, after reading a few paragraphs from this essay, I seem to be transported to Heidelberg, as on a magic escalator. "Die Welt des Eises und des ewigen Schnees . . .," but enough!

Now is by no means the acceptable time to attempt the herculean task of enumerating the finest prose passages in our literature, however subjectively considered, but a few more examples which illustrate excellence in regard to one quality or another may do no harm. A wealth of enjoyment and information lies hidden in the little-known works of W. H. Hudson. Th. Roosevelt rated his *El Ombu* as the best short story in the English language. The description of the gaucho's game of el pato is a wonderful instance of that recording of an experience which I mentioned above. The last game of el pato was played before 1850, yet who can read Hudson's account without riding away with the duck? Read his encounter with the Connorhinus infestans, "in whose presence one begins to experience sensations which are not supposed to enter into the brave man's breast"; no picture of a man shaving in a bathtub was ever more realistic. And speaking of realism, who can read of the "watchman on the Tower in Jezreel" who cried, "The driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously," and not see dust in the distance?

Few who have not read *Nostromo* can realize the intricacy of workmanship to which prose writing is adaptable. That one man should have imprisoned himself for twenty months seems but a small price for this masterpiece. Not an easy book to read, it has always seemed to me like a steel cable of countless strands; at the beginning one appears to have but the one line of thought, and then one strand comes out here, another there, and in no time apparent chaos exists on an accumulative basis. At the almost geometrical centre of the book the dispersing strands begin to converge, dovetailing into the whole with all the harmony of Nature herself, so that on the last page one has the single cable again, complete and intact. In direct contrast from the point of view of length, but no less perfect in technique, is



that story by the author of *The Little Visiter* which runs: "There was once a man who had yellow eyes. His wife said to him, 'If you kill me, they'll hang you.' And they hanged him on Tuesday." The reader will at once think of countless examples of prose artistry which would have illustrated my point better,—that is exactly what I want.

Nothing is more nauseating than a gratuitous generalization, but if one person's experience is at all typical, this is what too often happens: the sapient, but juvenile, man is told so much about the beauty and artistry of poetry ,and nolens volens reads so much of it, that he all but loses taste for it entirely; while, on the other hand, he is apt to hear so little about the artistry of prose, and to have so little opportunity of viewing prose literature from that standpoint, that he either goes to his grave ignorant of it, or must needs find it by his own efforts. A glance into any bookstore window will show how relatively few succeed.

—V. M.

* * *

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Farewell Thoughts on Leaving Victoria

I.

Here on the sun-washed deck, alone, I stand,
Watching the laughing waves curl o'er and o'er.
Hills, like an azure mist across the land,
Between the sky and fast retreating shore,
Lie, veiling memories forevermore.

So must I leave you now, Victoria,—
City of flowery lane and sparkling sea.
My heart cries out thanksgiving from afar
For that fair world that you have shown to me,
Painted with beauty and tranquility.

Now to regretful thoughts my mind gives birth,
Each pearl-topped wave mirrors a memory.
I see gay eyes alight with love. The mirth
Of dancing waves becomes the laughter free
Of year-long friends, merry with year-long glee.

II.

I have a world with beauty ever bright,
Where mountains high smile duskily and say,
“Come home, dear friend,” rising to greet the night,
Or heralding each opalescent ray
Into the valley, down the path of day;

Where autumn’s smoky dusk, and summer’s gleam,
And winter’s hush, and spring’s caressing hand
Whisper a tale, a poem or a dream
To all who care to listen while they stand
Watching the beauty of my valley-land;

Where softly down the mountain-guarded glade,
In summer twilight, cool and still and deep,
The river slips amid its hazel-shade,
And, weird and lonely, on the dusky steep,
The coyotes sing their own wild hearts to sleep.



III.

My world and yours—alas! that there should be
Two worlds like these for me to love; and yet
The ripple of the river shall to me
Echo the ocean songs of waves that fret
Forevermore, for I shall not forget.

“Farewell,” the sea-birds cry, “Farewell, the while,”
Echo the sea-breeze and the murmur’ring swell.
The light is gone. The stars peep down and smile
Into the waves; and mayhap they shall tell
The heartbreak in that tender word, “Farewell.”

—Mary Hughes, Class A.

* * *

NUTRITION

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as we do now,
Did he note the amount of the calorie count,
He ate it because it was “chow.”
He wasn’t perturbed, as at dinner he sat,
Destroying a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He merrily chewed every species of food,
Untroubled by nutrition fears,
And his health wasn’t hurt by fancy dessert,
Though he lived over 900 years.

—D. C.

* * *

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An angry sea,
A lonely, wailing gull;
A driven mist,
A swirling wind,
The whole world grey and dull.
The loneliness,
The longingness,
Within the moaning sea,
But even the dull
And gray things
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—H. H.

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